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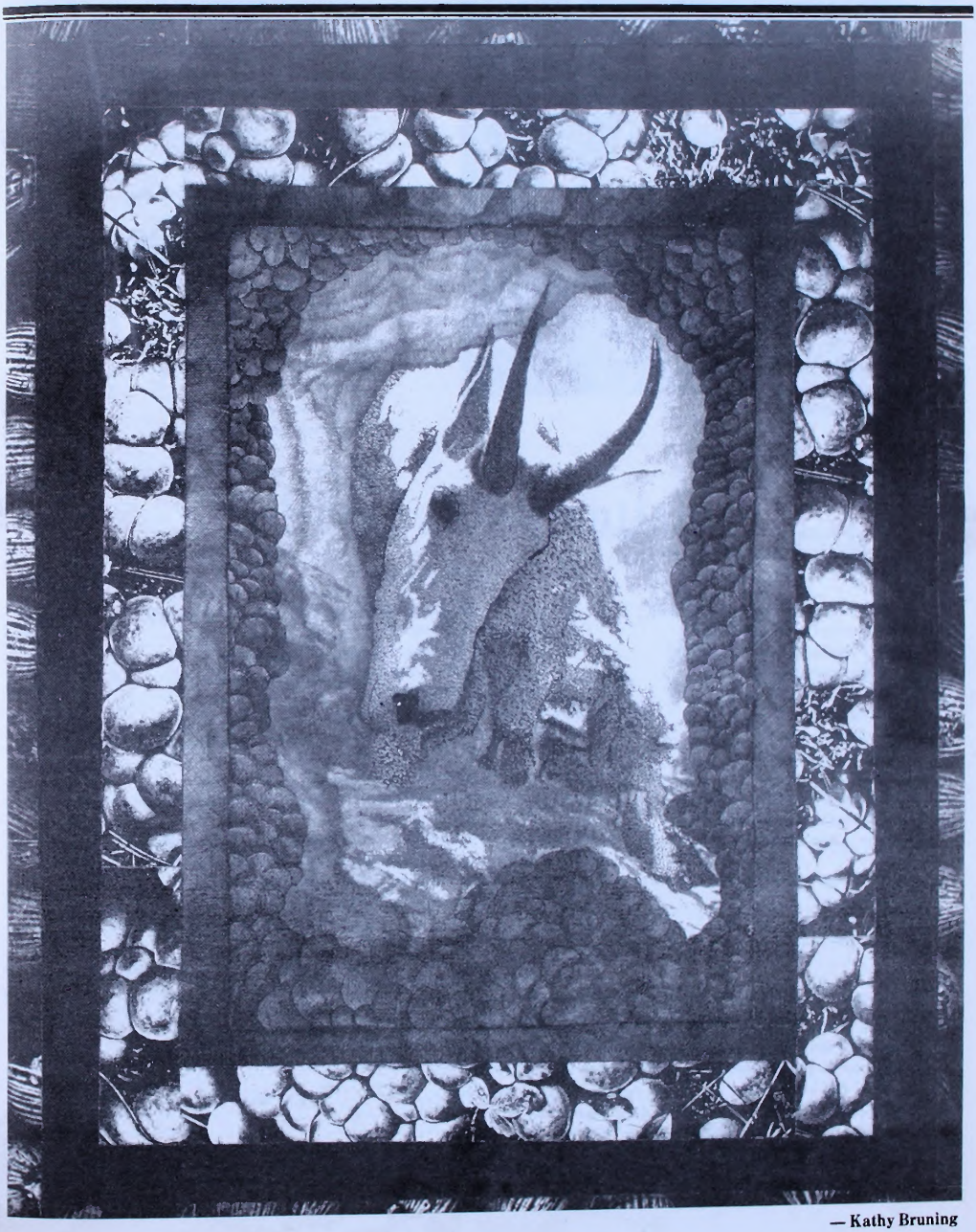


— Kathy Bruning

Poetry Contest Winners

1st Place

LAZARUS

The moon is a sugar lump, in a cup of all night java.
I sip it slow.
Awake, asweat,
Insomnia, 2:30, 4:00, no matter it is late.

Wishing I had sweet little pills
That would do me no good.
But blessed are the nighttime vitamins,
Sugary lobotomies.

The alarm rings.
The sound oils bones,
I walk.

Make-up and coffee patch up my fatique my
hollowed out anemic blue, my
Dozeless on and on.

Not I resemble a slight shadow.
Looking in the mirror, I dream of
Lazarus.

Lazarus you are so new, getting born again.
Drawn out the great hole called earth,
Called grave.

Someday I will dye my hair and will
Wear to much make-up.
Getting born again each morning.
A resurrection ceremony.

I dreamt of hair,
Worm white hair.
Getting too close.

Then wrinkles, deep as waves.
Daring that sea, I drowned.
Perhaps a pair of scissors will save me.

Cut away my grave dressings, I will awake
Lazarus.

— Marie Ford

The annual College of DuPage Poetry Contest originated with Bill Bell, English instructor, and he continues to guide its success. The contest is sponsored by the Humanities Division of this year marks the fourth year the contest has been held. Judges for the contest were: Janis Geesaman, Kimberly J. Kyp, Debbie Rydl-Lindsey, Duane Molnar, Mary Ryder-Swanson.

2nd Place

EASY LIVING

I woke up to music this morning.
The government plays it that way.
I threw back the sheet,
And got to my feet,
Ready to face the new day.

The conveyor popped up without warning.
I stepped on the silver-white tread.
I rode to the kitchen,
For I was just itchin'
To shove instant toast in my head.

I turned on the microwave oven.
I picked up the remote control.
I took up my case
And painted my face
And hastily put on my soul.

I figured I needed some lovin'.
I programmed myself for a date
The sad story of
Computer-matched love
For husbands are hard to create.

The kilowatt sun shone brightly.
I squinted, for it made me blind.
And, then, to be clever,
I reached for the lever
And quietly turned on my mind.

I take Einstein's theories quite lightly.
Science is instinct to me.
Geography's easy.
Geometry, breezy.
But human's what I'd like to be.

— C.E. Roza

3rd Place

THE VISIT

YOU
bring my fear too near,
rocking there
in that chair.
you are old
and i blame you.
i blame you
for your hands,
blue-veined and cold,
for your halting walk
AND
talk
and talk
and talk.
i blame you,
yes, for being old
and for bringing your fear
here, — too close now to
ME.

— Viola M. Bush

— Mark Pfefferman

Honorable Mention

Twisted Cherries

Reasons and lies —
smoky spirits on hot breath
dancing new ideas;
pleasing to the palate.
Teasing: lingering aftertaste
on the tongues of applecheeked cherubs
with passion-broiled souls.

Seasons and skies —
swirls of cloudy birth and death
turning with the breeze;
squeezing underneath the mallet.
Greasing: stinging what is chaste.
bottom rungs of lonely harems
with passion-soiled clothes.

Treasons and cries —
opaque images in mourning wreath
swinging under trees;
losing on the carpet.
Creasing: lining time-worn face.
songs were sung of fields so barren
with passion-oiled holes.

— Margaret C. Hren

THE DREAMS OF VERNON LLOYD

by John Bagdonas

Shadows fluttered in the doorway. He heard water falling and a warm draft surrounded him; curiosity urged him to find what was at the top of the stairs but he couldn't move. He pulled his shoulders back to throw himself forward when the dream vaporized, and he found himself upright in bed, eyes open and chest pounding.

Vernon Lloyd, 79 years old, had just begun another day at the Silverburg Nursing Home.

Falling back, he propped himself on an elbow and viewed his reflection in the mirror. The deep wrinkles and white hair were out of place in contrast with the clean cinderblock walls and cold, shiny floor of the small oblong room.

As he lay in bed, the knotted fingers of his hand trembled against the sheets. They had shaken with similar conviction seventeen years ago when he stood before the school board to appeal a mandatory retirement. It was a dead giveaway. He was old.

Advancing age had eaten into his wholeness as a vulture gouges carrion. His job, his wife, the house — all gone, gobbled down by a famished scavenger, old age.

The door opened and a woman walked in. Her stomach pulled painfully at the buttoned white uniform. "Morning Mr. Lloyd" she said with an absent tone. Her pudgy hand tugged the cord of the blinds. Bright sunlight broke into the room. He squinted as she stood with her back to the window. "Might you knock before you come in?" he said. There was no lock on the door of the room, nor the bathroom nor anyplace the residents were allowed.

The nurse looked at him without expression and said, "You had better get your breakfast, your daughter will be here soon."

He moved to the edge of the bed and stood. Meanwhile the attendant made the bed. Finished, he joined her at bedside while she laid out his dayclothes. Next to his slacks sat a pair of unfamiliar green socks. Vernon stared at them and said "Those aren't mine." The nurse sighed deeply and said "Certainly they are Mr. Lloyd, I took them from your dresser."

"They never get the damn socks right," he mumbled to himself.

"Can I help you dress now?" the woman said with a hint of impatience. He sat down and she began to remove his clothes. Her meaty hands gripped his arms and pulled on the clothing strongly. "You must be behind schedule," he said.

"If we don't hurry, your daughter will be here before breakfast," she said with another tug.

Denice came to visit at nine am every Thursday. She was his youngest of four children and the only one that visited. The others were spread across the country and rarely came to see him.

Denice had been close to him. She had come late in his life and lived at home too long before marrying and moving out. He knew the weekly visits were a strain on her. There were three children, whom never accompanied her and a husband that protested any inattention brought on by his aged father in law.

Denice always looked haggered when she came to visit. Vernon knew about Denice's problems because, despite his fading senses, he was sensitive and listened to her. It was always small talk, like that exchanged by strangers on an elevator. Occasionally, he tried to reach her with his problems, but she didn't listen. She would patronize him to a point then abruptly change the subject. He would lament over the memory of the close relationship they had when she was a child.

A tenseness existed between them now that couldn't be erased. If he aggravated it, she became frightened and her guilt began to show.

Leaning heavily on the cane, he walked slowly to the dining area. When he passed through the hall, the grim faces of the residents bothered him. Nobody smiled until their mind began to go and sometimes not even then.

He no longer had friends at the home. When first moving in he associated with a group of men that ate together, played cards and talked. As the years passed several of them died and the group broke up, each death disturbing the remaining friendships.

They became isolated from each other by the fear of separation. They saw each other from across a chasm of loneliness and drew within, hiding from the look of waiting death mirrored in each others eyes.

He sat at a cafeteria table, his breakfast in front of him. The attendants wheeled chairs filled with sunken, unfed faces to the table and rolled them away once fed. A bald man snored loudly and was awakened. Vernon began to think about the dream.

Fountain in a Shopping Mall

Tossed
pennies
nickels
dimes
plummet
dive
for luck.
Rhythmic water consumes,
buries with constant design.
Ripples dissipate.
Women with blue hair & men with jaggling pockets bribe fate.

— Kimberly J. Kyp

DEATH

(A tribute to John Lennon)

Time is ended, life is still
It can't be corrected with a pill.
Souls are lost, some are saved,
Life is hell in a way.
Drugs are took to escape the pain,
Eternity will still remain;
Life is short and lived too fast,
The only hope was in the past,
God is right in His way —
No matter what people say.
The void marches onward,
and never will end —
For once you're dead,
Sins won't mend.

— Warren James Flamm

It had been a long while since he first had dreamed about the staircase and the doorway. He didn't sleep well and spent most nights dozing and waking. Sometimes he couldn't sleep at all and would lie awake and listen to the night sounds. In the quiet darkness he heard the ventilating system hum an imperceptable tune, the gentle vibration touching him everywhere at once. A door close and a toilet flushed, both sounds muffled by the thick walls. An occasional voice, high pitched and urgent, would call the name of a child or long dead spouse, and he sensed the torment caused by sleep induced memories. He listened hart, identifying each sound precisely until the effort tired him.

When night was almost over, and he lay exhausted in bed, sleep would come. And then the dream.

The steps were steep and mottled with shadows from an open doorway. As he climbed up he heard water falling. The sound was deep and distant and like the mute thunder of a far off waterfall. It sent a tremor into the ground that he could feel. The warm air swirled around him with a pleasant odor; a familiar, welcome odor. He continued up but the doorway remained at a stationary distance, its shadow fluttering in the breeze.

He always awoke suddenly before reaching the top. Although he knew it was a dream, it left him with an inner urging that he couldn't explain.

A hand touched his arm. "Hello Dad, how are you today?" It was Denice. "Am I early? I've interrupted your breakfast," she said.

He looked at the cold oatmeal, an unopened carton of milk and a glass of orange joice with the pith gathered in a ring around the top of the glass. "No, I'm finished, let's go sit somewhere else." He allowed her to help him up but pulled the arm away as they began walking.

Denice was a small woman thirty-nine years old. Her dark hair was peppered with grey and the center of her body wrapped in extra flesh. Her clothes were discount store bargains. A large handbag, its bulging vinyl sides bounding against her back, hung from the shoulder. Greasy makeup covered her face and the watery brown eyes watched sadly as her father hobbled ahead of her.

His body was withered. The bones of the hips and shoulders poked at the loose clothing as he walked. Sparse white hair covered the shiny, freckled scalp and his arms hung helplessly by his side as he shuffled down the hall.

They neared the lounge area while Denice looked around. The facility was spotless as a hospital, the antiseptic atmosphere interrupted only by an occasional green plant beneath a skylight. As they approached an elderly woman in a faded housecoat, Denice heard her conversing with herself. She stopped speaking and stared at Denice as they passed. The conversation continued when they rounded a corner. Further on a man sat outside a doorway in a wheelchair. His thin legs were crossed and looked entwined. A cruelly curved spine forced him to hold his head awkwardly. His lower lip jutted out as he stared at the wall.

Denice could not avoid watching the faces of the people her father lived with. Their expressions were strange, even when they smiled the eyes contained something odd. She thought it was loneliness or fear of maybe a reflection her appearance stirred.

She didn't know but wondered what her father felt, and it bothered her until she couldn't think about it. His problems weren't real to her, she had substantial, concrete problems of her own. Children to raise, a husband to care for, a house to run. These things taxed her attention. Father would fend for himself as he always he. There was no other way, these few hours were all she had to give, even if it wasn't enough.

The tile beneath their feet changed to carpeting as they entered an enclave filled with parlor furniture.

The old man dropped into an armchair and put the cane on top of a table scattered with dog eared readers digests. Denice pushed a straight backed chair to the table and sat down. She fidgeted with the handbag and put it beneath the chair after unbuttoning her coat. With a crumpled tissue in hand she dabbed her nose while looking at him and asked, "How do you feel Dad?" His tired eyes met hers while his hands trembled as he folded them.

"As well as an old man should, I expect," he said. She wasn't a child anymore even though her features gleamed through the middle aged face like a beam of light, reminding him of her as a girl. He longed for the days when they were close and an exchange of hugs could solve any problem, soothe any hurt and send the cares of the world into flight, away from the protective circle of their arms.

"The kids send their love. It's been a busy week for us. The first week of school and all," she said. Her face was flushed and damp with perspiration. She pulled her coat off and let it fall behind her. She continued to speak, offering family news and other bits of information, held out like a candle to a man in the dark. She hoped they were important to him but he didn't hear. Instead the words flowed past him in a wave, and he wished he could tell her. And she would understand, and it would change things. He wanted to blame his misery on her, but it was his fault, and it would never get better. The failure hurt the most. He tried to be happy but couldn't. it was in a slide down. He had lost control.

"What time is it," he said suddenly. It didn't matter to him but Denice was eyeing her watch like a school kid waiting for the bell to ring. "It's after ten Dad, I'll have to leave soon, the kids will be home for lunch," she said.

She kissed his cheek and said goodbye. He watched her walk quickly down the hall towards the exit.

The rest of the day was spent sitting in his room. They brought his meals and chided him for not eating, but he didn't answer. Thinking of the dream, he sat and watched nothing until it was dark.

He felt tired and got into bed. He was weary and his arms and legs ached. He fell asleep and began to dream.

He climbed the stairs without hesitation, the sound of the water and the touch of air drawing him up. The stairs disappeared behind him and the doorway drew nearer until he stepped into its archway.

He stood in a flurry of bright shadows, a gentle tide touched him with a warm rush and he joined the breeze, moving with it through the door.

That morning, the nurse opened the blinds in the oblong room and walked to the bed. She touched his shoulder to wake him, but her hand came back quickly.

Vernon Lloyd was dead.

People sail through life — like ships passing in the night. Occasionally, a lighthouse appears — that beacon is like a friend.

— Mary Ryder-Swanson '83

— Bob Rivoire

DON'T MIX YOUR DRINKS. . .WITH YOUR DRIVING!

by Patrick Bond

Drinking and driving has become a tradition in American society. We have come to regard drinking and driving as a basic right. This is true for everyone from teenagers experimenting with their first taste of beer to business people and their three martini lunches.

It's time to put an end to this tradition and examine the frightening statistics.

Last year, alcohol related traffic accidents claimed the lives of 26,000 people in the U.S. On an average weekend in this country, one out of every ten cars on the road is driven by a legally intoxicated person.

The drunken driver is a menace — he is a threat not only to himself but to everyone in his destructive path as well.

Kelly Schuette, unfortunately, is a statistic of one such menace. Mark and Bonnie Schuette's only child, their 4½-year-old daughter, was playing dolls in the family's front yard when she was struck by a speeding auto. The driver of the auto was intoxicated. . .Kelly died; en route to the hospital.

The driver of the vehicle had his license revoked for a three month period and received a fine of $284 for operating a vehicle while under the influence of alcohol.

I do not think that this nominal fee can be justified in compensating for a lost human life.

Let's face it, our society tolerates, if not promotes, the use of alcohol as a socially acceptable refreshment. And, in order to get from your place of refreshment — be it a bar, restaurant or what have you, back to your home or office, a car is a popular means of transport.

Unfortunately, to a drunken driver behind the wheel, a car can be a very dangerous weapon.

We have, through our laws and the enforcement of them, promoted a leniency toward the drunken driver. States' drunk driving laws need to be tightened and more rigidly enforced in order to protect the real victim — those injured and killed by the drunken driver.

While they vary from state to state, under the present law persons convicted of operating a motor vehicle while intoxicated face mandatory license revocation, fines up to $2,000 and sentences up to one year in jail. The terms of the sentence vary depending on the number of prior convictions on the driver.

Although stricter laws are definitely needed, a redefinition of the penal system itself is necessary. Frequently, prosecutors are able to plea bargain the penalties and sanctions that the law imposes on the offender. Often, the penalty is partially suspended and instead the driver is required to attend a traffic safety school or an alcohol treatment facility.

In theory this appears to be a feasible solution. Alleviating the problem at its roots. In practice, however, this solution fails to achieve its objective. The problem stems from the fact that there is insufficient enforcement for these substitute penalties. Drivers often fail to attend these schools after their initial visit. The courts have failed to provide an effective means of ensuring drivers' participation in the program. This renders the program a virtual farce.

Frequently, therefore, convicted drivers only pay a small fine and after a temporary revocation of their license, the driver is back behind the wheel.

In order to remedy this situation, we need to somehow limit prosecutors from reducing charges in drunken driving cases.

Repeat offenders need to be more strictly dealt with as well.

This is a serious problem and one which our penal system should afford just consideration.

We must protect those who do not drink and drive from those who do.

— Mark Pfefferman

Twelve years ago, Joe Quinn was a typical carefree 17 year-old. Co-captain of his high school football team and an above average student, Joe seemingly had his world by the tail.

Today, Joe is unable to walk without the aid of a cane, his speech is slurred almost to the point of being incomprehensible and his brain is significantly damaged.

On his way home from football practice on that cool autumn evening, Joe's red Vega was demolished in a head on collision with a car driven by a man who was legally intoxicated.

The man was charged with driving while under the influence of alcohol and ordered to attend a safe driving program. The man drove his car home from the police station after the incident.

Joe has not driven an automobile since October 23, 1970.

Joe's case is not unique in drunk driving incidents.

It is unique in the fact that Joe is my cousin.

A SECOND LOOK

I never really looked at flowers
till now
With one hand on my brow
I sit here wondering how

The roses set before me
Seem so special now

They surely weren't arranged
Somehow I find it strange

All but one have bloomed
That lone bud will open soon

— Richard Hay, Sr.

IT ISN'T A FAIRYTALE, BUT IT'S NICE

It isn't a fairytale.
Did we ever court?
It can't be a wedding,
the guest list is too abbreviated.
Yet today I will take you,
nearly for wife,
perhaps for most of our lives.
Linger awhile,
we've special moments ahead,
memories to create,
and courses to set.
Material moderation,
no lace gown, no church.
Just we essentials,
and a speck, even rented,
peaceful, our somewhere on earth.
We are each others burden,
to be carried in bliss,
as light as true caring,
eased upward by trust.
Forever is long,
longer than I can know.
Let's deal in tomorrows,
look
one's already here!
So today I will take you,
nearly for wife,
for friend, intimate and lover,
perhaps for most of our lives.
Did I tell you that yesterday?
Have we already shared?
We will encore tomorrow,
should both of us so yearn.
We fill each others void well,
and though no fairytale this,
to trust, trust completely
is a treasure from youth.

— J.B. Korwel

TOMORROWS BATTLE

The Indian and the Trooper
had been friends for many a year

Today they met in secret
and discussed the coming battle

Both were fluent in each others
tongue

They argued the outcome
of tomorrow's frey

The Indian bragged of his fearless
allies

And in his turn so did the Trooper

So proud was each
one of his General
the other of his chief

As night drew near
they wished each other
luck and reaffirmed
their eternal friendship

Both were killed the following day

— Richard Hay, Sr.

SURVIVAL

For millions
of years
you have
stripped our
matriarchal systems
to the bone,
discarding us
like Jews
thrown into open
graves,
trying to bury us.
But it is
difficult
isn't it?
The blood keeps
rising
to the surface.
The voice
continues
to speak.
Like a roach
our tolerance
grows stronger
with each
new application
of your
insecticidal fears.

— Kathy Corra

SOLO

I arrive at the open green field where she waits for me.
The bright rays of the summer can reflect off her skin.
She says not a word as I move my hands over her smooth
body.
I enter her and take control.
Her every movement is by my command.
We leave the constrictions of the earth as we take to the sky.
It's only the two of us among the clouds of white,
and the skies of blue.
We climb and fall, we move in and out, up and down,
speed and glide, we are one.
Our only restriction finds us, it is time of light.
We have used our day's quota and to earth we glide.
I release my gentle hold on her as we decend to the cold
darkened earth.
I leave her now, across the field of light I once knew
to let her sleep on in night's hand.
Off I go, to dream of the time when we'll be together again.

— Brian Murphy

OUR EGGSHELL EXISTENCE

by Patrick Bond

"To be yourself, just yourself, is a great thing. And how does one do it, how does one bring it about? Ah, that is the most difficult trick of all. It's difficult just because it involves no effort at all."

— Henry Miller from The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder.

It is sad to say that while "being yourself" should and ought to be relatively easy, natural even, such is rarely the case for human beings. Be it our own human insecurities or simply the complexity of our modern society, being true to ourselves is becoming an increasingly more difficult task.

Can any one of us honestly say that the person whom we display in public is truely the same person who we are in the solitude of our own home?

I don't think so.

Rather, like actors in the theater we regularly put our masks on — each one uniquely suited for our many diverse human relationships.

In our seemingly schizoid existence we are husband or wife mother or father, son or daughter, brother or sister, student or teacher, employee or employer and so on. The roles obviously are different and oddly enough so too are the characters.

Think about the self which you present to your close friends. How does that "self" compare with the self which you allow your boss to see?

Is there not a vast difference?

Why?

Perhaps it is because we feel that our true self (if indeed we are able to discern it from the many we show) is somehow insufficient.

We feel as though we are expected to live up to the social norms in our various activities. In order to compensate for doubts in our own ability to fulfill these expectations we assume various roles. Roles which we perceive to be better suited for a given situation.

We, as human beings, strive to live up to those standards which society dictates. In order to appease others we assume roles which seemingly enable us to attain these standards.

But what are the standards which society, rather man, has prescribed? Youth or beauty? We have a multimillion dollar cosmetic industry to aid us in these areas.

How about wealth and success? Society measures everything from fashions to foods and alcohol to homes on a sort of success scale. Advertisers recognize this stigma which society has assigned to many of our endeavors. This is evidenced by the fact that a great deal of their marketing is directed precisely at the human desire to attain the much desired status of wealth and success.

Professions as well are not immune from forcing us to create an actor for this particular segment of our life. Society has associated certain expectations with various occupations and in order for us to abide by these we must again enter the role which is appropriate for that profession which we have chosen.

I am not suggesting here that we handle all of our human encounters in exactly the same manner. To do so would be ludicrous. Certainly various situations require various degrees of attention and intimacy on our part. But genuine attention and intimacy not that which society has prescribed for this particular situation. We should utilize the different aspects of our personality rather than adopting contrived personalities or roles.

Again does the problem stem from the fact that we are unwilling to expose our true self for fear of failure in the eyes of society?

Are we like boxers before a championship bout? Fighters maintaining the stern and unemotional exterior which the combat situation dictates. Our stoic exterior conceals the true feelings of fright and anxiety which lie within.

Perhaps the delicate feelings of human beings require this type of armor. In order to keep our sensitive feelings from being bruised we assume these roles as a safeguard against the harsh world in which we live. Or perhaps from the harshness of our fellow human beings.

In doing so, however, we are denying those with whom we engage in relationships the gift of ourselves. Truly our most precious gift. If we never allow anyone to see who we really are, aren't our relationships simply that of actors exchanging lines rather than a meaningful interaction of people?

If this is true our situation is truly sad indeed.

Similarly, we are robbing ourselves of the rewards which accompany our achievements. The applause is not ours nor are the merits which we acquire.

Certainly we will have our share of failures as well as successes. But they will be our own failures and our own successes — not those of a contrived character which we have instituted into our lives.

Perhaps we have become so accustomed to role playing that we have lost touch with who we truly are. Maybe it is because life is so uncertain and in some way assuming our roles aids us in dealing with the uncertainties and possible failures which the future has in store for us.

Life, however, is an improvisation. There is no time to rehearse life, we must simply forge ahead into the unknown with an optimistic spirit and the genuine self which we have — indeed which we are.

A contemporary rock group, The Eagles, shows an insight in this area in a song entitled "Lying Eyes". The lyrics state "We live our lives in chains and never even realize we have the key."

The roles which we play are in fact the chains which prohibit us from knowing our true selves and sharing that self with others.

If such is the case our lives are analogous to an eggshell. On the outside or surface we may appear flawless and yet on the inside we are still extremely delicate. The thin shell which separates the two is very fragile.

FRIENDS

I've always needed friends,
But never had the guts to admit it,
My friends are few, but precious,
But I have friends that care,
It makes me proud to know,
That people really care,
I want to be a sensitive caring person too,
And be able to be a friend. . .,
Like you!

— Leslie E. Church

THE DEPRESSION

by Lorraine S. Thomas

As I sit here surveying all that I own and the comfort in which I live, I think of all the people living in poverty now because of the recession, and my mind wanders back to 1929 the year of the big depression. I was only one year old at the time and so did not feel the impact of those hard times or even realize what was happening. I decided to talk with my Uncle Stanley, who is now around 70 years old, about that sad period in the history of our country. The following is his view of the great depression of 1929.

"My parents lost their home in the depression," said Uncle Stanley in a somber voice. "There were seven of us at home, my mother, father, three brothers, my sister and myself. I was about 18 years old at that time. One day we were comfortable and happy, and the next day the bank took away our house." He was silent for a minute, and I knew he was recalling the horror of it all. He told me later that he feels more frightened now than he did then, for now he is older, has possessions of his own and realizes what it would be like to lose them all.

"People who had no job had to go on relief. This was very traumatic for the immigrants who had come from Poland, as my parents did, for they were proud and wanted to work and proud of their work but instead had to ask for charity," said Uncle Stanley in a voice filled with sorrow. "Once a week the people had to stand in lines waiting for a basket of food." Uncle Stanley couldn't remember who the food was from, but he assumed it was from the state. The baskets contained vegetables, cheese, bread and sometimes Canadian bacon. Later, people would get together and talk, as there was nothing else to do, about what was in their basket, and then they would exchange foods trying to get a certain vegetable or cheese enjoyed more by their family. Because people had no money, their social life centered on visiting each other and sharing whatever it was they had.

"I earned $.35 an hour when I worked for Goldblatt's in the advertising department," said Uncle Stanley. "I worked two hours each day as there was not very much advertising put into the newspapers at that time. People were not working and had no money to buy anything even if the sale ads were enticing. Jobs were scarch then," continued Uncle Stanley, as he once again continued to talk in a more serious tone of voice. "If a person was lucky enough to have a job, he really had to put up with a lot from his employer. If the employer asked you to work overtime, you did not get paid for that time. The employer would give you $.75 for dinner and that was all. The employer would give you $.75 for dinner and knew there were 40 other men waiting to grab his job. And so people worked, sometimes under terrible conditions. Later, as years went by, the unions became stronger, and the people more organized. Those who had no job looked for any type of work. Some washed dishes in a restaurant, some swept sidewalks, and it was not uncommon for several musicians to band together and stand on a corner playing for pennies. People were desperate."

"We had a corner grocery store in our neighborhood, in fact, they were common in those days. The store in our neighborhood was owned by two men, not related, who went into partnership and bought this little grocery store. They worked day and night, and the store became quite successful. After a few years went by, the one partner sold out to the other partner and put his money in the bank. He was looking for some other field of work to get into. Then the depression hit. People lost all their money and so did the man who sold his share of the store. This man was success oriented, and couldn't accept his loss. He killed himself." My heart ached as I watched Uncle Stanley clear his throat and nervously brush his hand across his eyes as he told of this tragedy. How many more happenings such as this one are still living in the hearts of people today, I wonder.

I decided to steer the conversation toward some lig
aspects of the depression, if, indeed, there were any. "Ju
much did a candy bar cost?" I asked.

"Five cents," he replied.

"Five cents! Are you kidding me?"

"No, really, that is what they cost, and huge banana sp
covered with real whipped cream, plump, red cherries a
chopped nuts cost twenty-five cents."

PRAIRIE LIGHT REVIEW

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE L.R.C.

by Craig Gustafson

The Learning Resources Center at the University of Southern Glen Ellyn is a mind-boggling sight, and it was with a properly boggled mind that I sought out the director of the L.R.C., Malcolm Bass, for an interview and a tour. Mr. Bass cordially greeted me at the front entrance. As I was passing through the gate, a large woman who had just checked out approximately twenty-seven books was making her fat way through the exit gate. But something was wrong; an alarm sounded. There was evidently an uncleared book in her pile. Four large goons came and took her away.

"Where are they taking the fat lady?" I asked Mr. Bass.

"To the dungeon," he replied. "We've got to show these people we mean business. But you didn't come here to discuss my hobbies..."

"True," said I. "I came to see the library." Bass's hand shot out faster than I could see and sent me sprawling. He stood over me, hellfire in his eyes.

"Learning Resources Center, you swine!" He gave me a kick and I arose, humbled in the presence of knowledge. Mr. Bass began the tour; it was a wonderous day, filled with surprises and delights. I saw the microfilm files; the rentable artwork; the record albums; the Reader's Guide to Periodic Literature!!! Nirvana. Mr. Bass spoke articulately and eloquently, describing the various functions of each section and detailing what happens to people who abuse those functions. The only disharmony I encountered in the whole shebang was at the videotape section, where one man had knifed two old ladies and a candy-striper in his frenzied attempts to get "The World According to Garp" and "Myra Breckenridge."

Along about the third hour, Mr. Bass became a trifle agitated. Nothing historionic; but he seemed annoyed. I finally asked what was wrong.

"Oh," he said with displeasure. "I don't recognize this section. No big deal."

We traveled on for quite a while, now merely trying to find a way out. Mr. Bass had had the foresight to bring such equipment as we might need, including a pith helmet for each of us, to guard our heads against the unyielding flourescent lights beating down upon us.

The aisles grew dense. Copies of "Crime and Punishment," "Martin Chuzzlewit" and other big fat books began to blot out the lights. We were in Deep Trouble, and we both knew it.

On the fourth day the water ran out. The plumbing in the fountains had been rusted for several years.

On the sixth day I saved Mr. Bass's life. He had wandered by mistake into a section of Harlequin romances and, when I found him, was weeping piteously over the tribulations of someone named Eloise. I quickly unlooped my belt, threw it to Bass and pulled him out into the aisle before he could get completely bogged down.

Day Ten: With hunger, delirium is setting in. Bass believes himself to be the Scarlet Pimpernel. I am apparently (to him) his arch-enemy, Chauvelin. Even in his most lucid moments, he'll smile insolently and murmur,

"We seek him here, we seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.
Is he in Heaven; or is he in Hell?
That demmed, elusive Malcolm Bass."

Then he challenges me to a duel. It could be worse, I suppose. He could think I was the Pimpernel's wife, Margarite. I prefer being Chauvelin.

Day Eleven: I am now Margarite. It is disgusting.

Day Fourteen: The going is getting rougher. While passing through a section on mimes, we spent two hours Walking Against the Wind. This so exhausted Bass that he collapsed on the spot, his legs now useless. Suddenly, I heard a noise.

It was my knuckles cracking.

Then I heard another noise. This one was a search party. A search party at least two days away. We communicated by megaphone and the leader of the search party promised to start after us as soon as the pizza has been delivered. The problem is this: Neither Bass nor myself has two days to spare. I was at this injucture that Bass suggested cannibalism. Not that he was thinking of self-sacrifice, mind you. No, he wanted me to kill myself and leave the body close to him.

This got me a tad miffed. Then I thought of doing the old curmudgeon in and cannibalizing him until the search party got there. I could do it. One quick shot over the head with "War and Peace" and the geek was mine. All the food I could hope for, until rescued.

But. . .could I take a human life? Flies are one thing, but. . .

If I don't, neither of us will live and they'll have ordered the pizza for nothing. But could I take a human life? I must decide quickly. Since books have played such an important role in this adventure of mine, I shall let a book decide the outcome. Self-preservation and the murder of a fellow human being, or death with honor. . .a slow, horrible, painful death with honor . . .let's see. Here's a book. This shall give me the clue. Frank R. Stockton. "The Lady or the Tiger". I'll find the answer there.

****

C.O.D.

by James Settecase

Of the many fine memories I hold, none are so near and dear to my heart as my school daze at College of DuPage. Ahh, College of DuPage, nestled amidst the flood plains of lower Glen Ellyn. Your incredibly overcrowded parking lots and muddy, slippery sidewalks are forever etched in my mind. This edifice depreciated to higher education proved an unflagging source of inspiration, intimidation, consternation and desperation.

EPILOGUE: You really thought I was going to pimp you with that ending, didn't you? What happened was this: as I was deciding whether to kill Bass, he suddenly woke up and screamed, "LOOK!" I looked. Over in the corner was a skeleton of a well-dressed man. I went to investigate. The initials on the solid gold jockey shorts said "R.B." I informed Bass of this fact. He turned a cheerful shade of white.

"Robert Burghermeister!" he exclaimed. "The former president of the college. He was ousted after holding a press conference in which he described the college philosophy as 'making whoopee'. He disappeared soon after. He must have died down here while looking for his secret wine cache. Too bad he isn't alive. He could help us get out. Or at least get us a drink."

I stared at the skeleton, with it's right arm stretched in a calling gesture.

"He can help us," I said. "He is helping us."

"Good," said Bass. "Get me a Blue Hawaii."

"No, I mean he's pointing the way out," I remarked casually. Our eyes followed the direction of the skeletel limb. There they were: a set of fire doors! We crawled quickly through the fire doors and looked out. Escape!

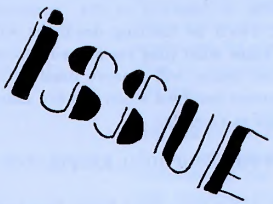
As we pushed through the doors, an alarm sounded. Good, we thought. People will be here soon. Neither of us could walk by now. We waited. Two days. Nothing. With an air of reckless abandon and wild hunger, Bass grabbed the local fire alarm and pulled. Three seconds later four goons scooped him up and took him away. He was babbling James Mason's final speech from "Journey to the Center of the Earth".

"Who knows? Someday one of you may follow us to that strange land. It may be you, my lad, or your sons or your grandsons. That I cannot say. But this I know. The spirit of man cannot be stopped!"

He was taken to join the fat lady in the dungeon.

So it goes for all who would mock man's beaurocratic laws.

This was a true story.



AN IMPORTANT MEMO

by Cheryl M. Miller

TO: ALL STUDENTS AND FACULTY
FROM: THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND COLLEGE PRESIDENT
SUBJECT: NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS

The following are some new rules for all at COD to abide by:

1. Ingestion of drugs and alcohol is strictly forbidden on campus unless one is involved with the ALPHA ONE program.
2. Humanities instructors are to inform their students that exposing themselves to art does not mean they are allowed to run nude through Building "M".
3. The "Human Sexuality" course will no longer be allowed to hold its experiential learning sessions in the Sybaris Inn in Downers Grove.

Failure to comply with the above rules will result in the offender being incarcerated in the lowest level of Building "A", with meals served daily from the Building "A" cafeteria.

Everything was done up right at old C.O.D., or as we liked to call it back then, old Cashed On Delivery. Even the restrooms were special. Some schools, because of their immature student body have installed wasteful hot air dryers to eliminate unsightly, unsanitary paper waste mess. There are usually three instructions on those machines: 1. press button, 2. rub hands vigorously under nozzle, 3. wipe hands on pants (those dryers never did work). But, the students at C.O.D. were different, so much more mature. Our restrooms were always clean. Gleaming porcelain and burnished chrome glowed fiercely in the almost natural overhead light. The renowned ventilation system kept the air as sweet and fresh as a meadow of wildflowers after a light spring shower. I almost never gagged. Paper towels clogging the sink or strewn on the floor found no place at C.O.D. The few hundred soaked and wadded up balls of T.P. flung with gusto onto the ceiling only occassionally released their grip and fell with vengeance upon unsuspecting stall inhabitants. Not only were the restrooms religiously scoured by an intensely devoted custodial staff, but thoughtful members of the student body had their contributions, also. With a zeal not found in the uncommitted they faithfully decorated the insides of the stalls. Each and every booth had its bit of lilting poetry or a political essay. The many budding Picasso's and Rembrandts that C.O.D. will one day produce have left their handiwork there.

Registration was an especially exciting time at DuPage. There were always plenty of open classes even if you registered late. The simple to read course numbers and class descriptions combined with eager data entry people made registration an almost unmitigated joy, almost. Since everything was computerized, I often found myself in and out in less than three and one half hours. Not to worry if you signed up for the wrong class. We only had to fill out twelve forms in duplicate and our money was cheerfully refunded through the mail, usually in four to six months with time off for making the Dean's list. There were always people on hand to see that you didn't get lost in the shuffle. One day during Fall registration, I quietly said to myself, "I wish I had a little guidance." Suddenly, six doors flew open and six counsellors fairly leaped out of their offices and ran at top speed in my direction. I felt pretty important until I realized the building was on fire and I was standing just underneath the exit sign. As the last one ran over my chest, I heard him yell something about drunken students, and tenured professors and children first.

Time fails me or I could go on about the change gobbling vending machines, my many superb instructors and of course the book store, the wonderful glorious bookstore where no book, however expensive when purchased new could command more than five dollars on a buy back. On the topic of the book store alone I could pen volumes, but unfortunately time has failed me.

Through the years my fond memories of C.O.D. live on. The recollection of those two years can still bring tears to my eyes, whether tears of joy or relief I cannot say.

ALTERNATIVE ACADEMIC CONTINUING EDUCATIONAL COURSE SELECTION CATALOG

(New courses currently being planned for the 1984 CD curriculum)

by Dean Monti

CONVERSATIONAL PLASTICS 240

An introductory course, teaching the students useful phrases that can be used in the everyday jargon of plastics. Learn to say, "Hello, it is a good day for blow-molding" or "Are the extrusion processes any good around here?" Plastics grammar will be taught, but not stressed.

ADVANCED NURSING AND THE RUSSIAN NOVEL 120

It's no secret that over 65% of all nursing students are reading Chekov, Gogol and Pushkin. This course explores the style of the major Russian authors being read during post-surgical procedures, and will focus on Dostoevsky and his relation to home health care.

ORNAMENTAL MATHEMATICS 160

Why should plane geometry be so plain? Liven up your mathematic symbols and equations with this new course designed to give full appreciation to the visual beauty of division and subtraction signs, triangles, circles, percentages, etc. Student will complete at least one landscape made entirely out of irrational fractions.

FOODSERVICE FASHION DESIGN 115

Is it acceptable to place red plastic forks alongside white paper plates? Learn that and more in this new course for those who have a flair for fashion in the cafeteria. Students will learn how to embroider their first names onto their smocks. Creative grease stain design will be taught in the second half of the quarter.

AIR CONDITIONING GEOGRAPHY 104

A course which surveys the cultural and climatic regions of the world and their various corresponding needs for air-conditioning repair. Comparisons will be made between heavily industrialized nations that rely primarily on central air conditioning and those small Third World countries that have the temporary units that are placed in the window.

FUNDAMENTAL ACTING IN AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE TECHNOLOGY 112

Course is designed to teach the student how to acquire the correct dramatic techniques when explaining to the consumer what is wrong with his car. Emphasis will be placed on the proper way to say "hmmm" when looking under the hood of an auto. Plays highlighting auto service will be attended. Students will do at least one scene from either **Hamlet** or Measure for Measure while correcting the wiring system on a '67 Dodge Polara.

DATA PROCESSING ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY 113

An introductory course explaining what happens to the human body while running a typical program. Reactions of the circulatory system as fingers punch keys is examined. How the digestive system is affected by hardware and software will be discussed. Attention will also be given to the question of what happens to the urinary system during a particularly long program run.

Prerequisite: FORTRAN and the Reproductive Organs

RADIOLOGIC CRIMINAL JUSTICE 250

Is it legal to x-ray the vertebral column at the scene of an auto accident or should one wait until the accident victim has been taken to the hospital, regardless of his guilt in causing the incident? Can a bony thorax be x-rayed during the mug shots and fingerprinting of an apprehended suspect? What is the correct positioning for an x-ray of a convicted sex offender? These questions are answered at some point during the course and when they are, everyone can go home.

ABNORMAL BOTANY 270

Everyone knows that some people talk to plants, but did you know that sometimes plants feel like they're being talked about behind their backs? Some plants even hear "voices" when no one is talking to them at all. This new course examines why some plants withdraw from the mainstream of the garden and develop certain "problems" that are often beyond our comprehension.

Prerequisite: Freudian Weeding Tendencies in the Male 121

HOTEL-MOTEL JOURNALISM 110

Learn more about the fast-paced life of reporting on the world of overnight accommodations. You'll get the inside scoop of who is involved in the "continental breakfast" conspiracy. You'll be meeting deadlines with editors who demand to know what time the heated pool opens. A special section of the course will concern itself with the moral and legal obligations involved when you are asked to reveal the chambermaid as a source.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHICAL RESPIRATORY THERAPY 115

Why are we here? If we don't know, how can we even consider saving the life of someone else? Can we effectively administer oxygen if we're not sure if we exist? These questions, and other compelling issues are discussed in this new course. The basic concept, "I breathe therefore I am" will be examined in detail.

INVERTIBRATE ZOOLOGY SHORTHAND 220

The teacher has been talking for hours about embryonic development but you're forgetting it as fast as it's being spoken to you. Next time, get it all down in this specially designed course for those who want to sharpen their shorthand skills while gaining a thorough knowledge of invertibrates. Students should be able to capture the essence of the animal kingdom at 70-90 words per minute by the end of the course.

WOODWORKING PHOTOGRAPHY 160

Expand your photographic skills to include the wonderful world of woodworking. Course will describe what kind of lighting to use when photographing a miter box, and what speed film to use when your subject is an unfinished walnut endtable. Some developing techniques will be discussed, particularly how to keep sawdust off your negatives.

Prerequisite: Drill Bit Photography 150

REAL ESTATE ANTHROPOLOGY 130

Student will not only learn the fundamentals of real estate transactions, but will also be able to explore why certain cultures live in real estate developments to begin with. The conversion of property ownership will be related to the adjustments man makes to his new cultural surroundings. A dig will be made at a piece of newly purchased property and students will discover a finished basement with recreation and laundry facilities.

Prerequisite: Condo Archeology 201

FUNDAMENTAL ITALIAN SOCIOLOGY 200

Course is designed to give the student a better understanding of why Italians always seem to be in "groups" rather than by themselves. The class structure of the Italian dinner will be dissected, from the upper class person who makes the sauce to the lower class person who has to drain the water from the pasta. A typical Italian family tree will be constructed, tracing a family from its original parents in Italy to all of the subsequent relatives it produces (additional five weeks required).

Prerequisite: Danish Roles 260

COMPOSITION AND STRESS MANAGEMENT 110
Have you ever had to go home after class and compose a 5-10 page paper on a subject you knew nothing about?What about the terror of the inevitable essay question on a final exam? This course is designed to teach the student how to relax and form clear, concise sentences without having to rely on any prescription medication. Students will start with cliches, work up to phrases and eventually be able to write entire sentences. As nervous anxiety is controlled, students may be able to complete a paragraph with at least one abstract thought.

HISTORY OF WELDING 220
A non-shop class for those who are not welders but are interested in the subject. Course traces the history of fuseable materials from the stone age up to the present. Ideas of the great welders will be presented and important dates in welding history will be discussed. Students will be asked to write a term paper with the premise, "If I could weld any two things together it would be. . ." No welding will actually be done, but a movie on welding is planned.

SPANISH SPEED READING100
A course for students who have already completed a speed reading course and want to widen their horizons with foreign literature. This class will have you zipping through Spanish novels pronto, with little or absolutely no comprehension of what you have read. Students will read the complete works of Cervantes and all corresponding literary criticisms in their original Spanish on the last night of class. (Accelerated Learning Program: class meets only once)

INCOMPLETE STUDIES
A specially designed new course for those students who never seem to be able to meet the course requirements by the end of the quarter. Students are allowed to pick selected topics in the area of their particular interest and never quite finish what they start.
Course suggestions:

History:
  World War 1½
  Columbus' Near-arrival to America
Mathematics:
  Unfinished Equations
  Semi-geometrical shapes
Religious Studies:
  Moses and the 5 or 6 Commandments
  Buddha's Fourfold Path
  The 3½ Pillars of Islam
English Lit.:
  Shakespeare's Sixth Night
  Tolstoy's War And
Art:
  Drawing the Human Body, Head to Waist
  Painting by Number (Even numbers only)
Journalism: Watergate, the Nixon Tapes
Humanities: Sex Roles and Impotence

BELLY DANCE GROUPIES

by Clea and Patra

Imagine. . .you're walking through a forest full of tangled brush, when an unusual sound stops you. For a moment, you listen. You hear the tapping of a drum, the clanging of cymbals, the clapping of hands and the shrills of natives. After glancing around, you cautiously move forward. The beating of the drum vibrating beneath your feet, hastens you. A piercing shrill causes you to spin uncontrollably. Stumbling away from the spin, a flowing sheer veil dangling on a tree limb, entangles you. As you escape from the shroud of the veil, women (dressed in authentic caftan robes) lure you closer with their graceful, gyrating movements.

Suddenly, a quiet but demanding voice snaps you back to reality. "Tuck your butt!" Groans of despair echo around the room as the voice drills on to "relax those shoulders!" Your thighs weakened by the pressure of sitting on air, shake like a volcano erupting. After holding this position for a few seconds (the clock must have stopped), the instructor (who you're sure is a female drill sergeant in the army) tells you to come up "slower." As you slowly rise, your thoughts reflect on the daydream you had earlier. It must be easier wearing the caftan robes than the leotards, sweat pans and sweat shirt that you're wearing. By the door, the most loyal janitor of the high school where C.O.D. holds some of its night classes in, diligently wipes the window. For several minutes, he stares through the wires.

Meanwhile, the instructor repeats, "relax those shoulders," and then, "just move your right hip, nothing else." A smile forms on the teacher's face, while the janitor is busy mopping the cafeteria floor making it shine more brilliantly than any "Mop 'n' Glo" commercial ever could. Finally, the hypnotized janitor walks to the closet (where it takes him over three minutes to unlock the door), and fixes everything neatly. Discovering his undying thirst for water from the fountain (which conveniently is located in the part of the cafeteria where the dance class is), the janitor begins gulping. But, aren't you supposed to aim the spout of water at your mouth, and not your eye? That'll teach him for taking an uncalled for break.

Week after week, the belly dancing class met, and, even though, some students dropped out, the class began its own ardent admirers. For the loyal janitor brought some of his friends to do some indiscreet staring from behind the wire windows. The result? The belly dance groupies.

Taking classes (like belly dancing) at the off-campus locations has its advantages and disadvantages. It's great to take a class near home, but the college did right in naming the mascot, the Chaparral. Have you ever tried to get from one end of the college district to the other during rush hour? and just remember, what awaits you at the other side is left to your imagination or maybe the janitors.

TAKE ANOTHER SHOT

Take another shot
At simple understanding
Maybe it is not
So hard to comprehend.
I can see the aliens are landing;
Casually dining on my friends.

Shooting in the dark,
There's bound to be a problem.
Loading up the ark,
We'll leave a few behind.
There is nothing we can do to stop them
Or resurrect my friends on which they've dined.

Take another stab —
There's got to be an answer.
Make another scab
To stop the bleeding, please.
Aliens know nothing of our cancer
So they dance through leper colonies.

Limits lie in chains
We cannot carry farther.
Walls surround our brains,
Ignoring our complaints.
Freedom is defined as something other
Than bondage, cages, traps, looks and restraints.

— Margaret C. Hren

TAKE THE A BUILDING — PLEASE

Its too hot — Its too cold. Imagine what would happen if it was just right. Goldilocks could be patronizing the vending machines, awaiting an overflowing cup of porridge from one machine while loosing change in another. A bit of imagination is necessary to envision a life with three bears, while living in the A Building. However, much more to one's advantage is a lively sense of humor — it means survivial. It's time to put Mother Goose and Mr. Aesop (a most unusual couple) to rest and ponder just what the purpose of A Building really is.

The third floor is an experimental laboratory for the space program. A number of space cadets have joined the ranks at the College of DuPage, walk the halls daily and the thought of wearing astronaut attire is not a bit farfetched. The marvelous invention adjusts to body temperature, atmostphere and environment.

In the Learning Lab oxygen masks will be installed in the not too distant future. Each desk will be equipped with the apparatus, just in case one feels lethargic, nauseous or can't breathe! By simply pressing a button, the life saver will be released and there is no need to worry about malfunction. A nurse will be on duty around the clock and in his/her absence the assistant's assistant will be readily available or if need be, the substituting assistant's assistant would only be too pleased to help and if someone gets out of hand, the old saying, "turn blue" would be considered apropo. If discomfort, light headedness or increased heart palpitations persist, Doctor Good Air could be contacted, providing your insurance policy is paid current and coverage includes Plan A as well as Plan B. It is also to your advantage to be a white anglo-saxon, protestant female. Dr. Good Air prefers the ladies! His sealed, bullet proof glass office is located just two blocks off-campus. (lucky dog even has an attached parking garage to house his Mercedes-Benz, Cadillac Seville and one worn-out Volkswagen left over from med school).

Doctor Good Air's credentials are impeccable. He is an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist and professes to the empiricist school of philosophy. His moral conduct reflects that which is perceived through the senses. He sees, hears and speaks no evil but can smell a $50.00 bill three miles away. He is a graduate of A/V (audio-visual) Deception Academy, has a B.S. Degree (boy you can say that again) repeat he has a B.S. Degree from the Mess-A-Choo-Shitts Institute of Technology, a highly prestigious institution dedicated to the study of controlled environments and "snowing people under."

Now it shouldn't be necessary to come to the A Building with belly buttons exposed nor wearing fleece-lined underwear in order to sustain the variable temperatures. Some practical individuals have found an alternative to the space suit if it is out of price range. Dressing in a layered-look can be most effective.

Not too long ago, what appeared to be a 300 lb. female, was observed waddling down the hall. Upon closer observation, it was discovered that this clever faculty member was wearing her entire winter wardrobe and weighed only 97 lbs. Other than a slight difficulty in walking, she wasd weathering the 37 degree temeperatures admirably.

Layered attire is practical and a new type of body language has evolved from this mode of dress. Removing the layers, it is possible to interpret goose bumps and this is indeed a psychological breakthrough. GBT (Goose Bump Testing) scores are presently a prerequisite for graduate degrees in anatomy and the study of skin disease. Just imagine a layered look masquerade party where upon unlayering the layers, one could compare goose bumps. Comparative studies indicate that larger goose bumps denote infertility!

A-Building, controlled environment is not a pipe dream, its a nightmare. In the third floor men's room, you can walk in and take a shower. But, where are th shower nozzles? It must be the sprinkling system and there's a fire! Its a Fred Astaire movie and he's singing in the rain — but the rain is coming through the ceiling! It should not be necessary to bring a bit of the outdoors in through the ceiling and mar an otherwise natural turn of events.

On the positive side, alas an answer has been found to feeding the needy of DuPage County. A portion of the first floor will be used as a giant refrigerator. The College of DuPage Food Pantry can supply food not only to the immediate area but also to strife-torn Central America. There is enough space in several offices and classrooms to hang sausages, hams and store produce to feed the world! The whole concept will revolutionize the food industry and bring General Electric to his knees! A giant cold storage unit will shelve hunger forever. The temperature range on the first floor and throughout the huilding is variable enough to freeze a fruit or hot enough to cook a goose.

In satirizing the A-Building, it is terrihly difficult not to confuse the animate with the inanimate, people vs puppets and machines vs madness. Stroking an object rarely hrings results whereas pulling strings and paying lip service to those responsible for planning, building and maintaining such a fortress fraught with hlunders, provides the scenario for this comedy of errors. In this performance, clapping with one hand seems appropriate. However, by not repeating the same errors in constructing the SRC, it might be possible to bring down the house with thunderous applause and send the audience home, looking forward to the second and third replay of a successful encounter with building and beings.

So take the A Building — please! The first ten offers will be presented with an Honorary Degree in Blindfollowing.

PRAIRIE BLIGHT REVIEW

Satire Issue

James Settecase: Chairperson
Electa Finley
Scott Tomkowiak

NOTICE: THE ABOVE TACKY BAROQUE DECORATION IS THERE TO INFORM YOU THAT THE SATIRE SECTION IS NOW COMPLETELY OVER. AS FAR AS WE KNOW, NO MORE SATIRE WILL PERMEATE THE PAGES OF THIS ISSUE OF THE PRAIRIE BLIGHT REVIEW, SO GET SERIOUS.

— Kathy Bruning

"Wow," I exclaimed, "I'll bet you ate a lot of those."

"No way," Uncle Stanley replied, "twenty-five cents was a lot of money then. When I took a girl on a date and bought her a banana split, I had to save for a long time for that treat, and the girl had to be something special before I spent that kind of money on her." I laughed, thinking of the $20.00 I had advanced my son when he went on a date last Saturday.

"Sweet rolls were two cents and eclairs, big and chocolatey, were five cents each," related Uncle Stanley, as he smacked his lips and rolled his sparkling green eyes in delight, "and it took two guys to eat one, they were so big." I laughed and secretly wished I could bit into one of them for eclairs are my favorite.

"Sometimes, not very often," Uncle Stanley recalled, "we went to a movie. The movie cost ten cents at that time, and we got to see a double feature. Tim McCoy and Buck Jones were the big stars of the silent movie era. There were others, but Tim and Buck were my favorites," he whispered.

"I remember," said Uncle Stanley, a dancing smile on his lips, "when the funeral director drove his Cadillac, all the people in the neighborhood would run out to look at it. That was really a sight to see."

"Why was it such a wonder?" I asked. "What is so special about a Cadillac?"

"Well," Uncle Stanley replied, "a new Ford cost about $800.00 and the average person couldn't even afford that but a Cadillac cost around $2,000 to $3,000 and the only one in the neighborhood who could afford one was the funeral director. So when he drove around in it, the people would stand and gape with their mouths open at the shiny, sleek black car that sparkled as it smoothly whisked by." Uncle Stanley became more serious as he continued his story. "Families stuck together," he said, as he sat down in his favorite brown, stuffed chair. "There weren't the divorces we have now. A wife knew that her husband was doing the best he could and rarely complained. Everybody pitched in. In our household, whoever was lucky enough to have a job, contributed most of their check to keep food on the table. There was no quibbling about his or mine or yours, it was all ours. Children realized what was happening and how difficult it was for the parents, and together families fought to survive during this bad time."

Uncle Stanley looked exhausted as our conversation brought back memories of the hard times past, and feelings long since hidden were now awakened. I could see he was affected by the depression more than he cared to admit. The frown on his furrowed brow made me realize that fear of a recurrence still lingered somewhere within that aging, thin body. I wanted to hold him and reassure him that everything is all right, but instead, I sat in my chair in silence and watched him gaze out of the window. A few moments passed and Uncle Stanley reaffirmed, "But we made it, we stuck together and made it." I agreed. He did make it. He was a survivor.

Divorce is likened unto death — only far worse
Because the corpse refuses to die.

— Mary Ryder-Swanson '83

SEVERANCE

One fibrous strand after another
clips
a scrappedbook of memory
into unfocused images.

Those moments I'd like to fix
like some kodaprint in my heart
slide further from lips and eyes,
more unfair each fair day.

Most unfairless,
no fair lads and lassies
ever see the exposed tendril of smoke
or smell the underdeveloped ashes of time.

— Lee Kesselman

CHIPPEWA DISCURSION

"The map is not the territory,"
under Tom and Chair Prof's dictum
and truer it could not be
for every wiggle and lost corner straight
and lakes never on the right side.

Tent anachronist in RV heaven-haven
and motors replace feet in the most progressive scheme of evolution
by loss of brain capacity or devolve —
demolocute — either suffices.

Forest is untrodden and all wildlife in the shape of Native American —
displaced myths, of land
and field, only to drink to the demons of history.
Turtle mounds can be spun to face any enemy.
Carve a new head and face it capitolward
for a nice change.
Ojibway learned it wasn't the Dakots to scorn and how does Bob Mosomo
sleep at night
while listening to the Viking-Saints latest exhibition
while he's listening for Gess lee ze day bwan
in search of ancestor's bones.

(You see, they appointed Brave Bob to guard the site
from evil-seekers and revenge-doers.)
Now Mosomo stalks with axe in hand and ear to ground
and Old Mortality in his palm.
All is a watershed — not just a divide
between Mississippi and Hudson, but Native and Interlope
with nowhere to portage.

— Lee Kesselman

IF I GO

if I
go
to
sleep here
I will
dream
dreams
bulging
with
unwelcome
visitors

everyone
but
you

if I
lay
awake here
I lay
alone

come
and
visit me
somewhere
will
you?

— Kathy Corra

MY GRANDFATHER'S BOX

by Joseph B. Bagdonas

I imagine there has been a time in everyone's life when they cherished a box of some kind. A certain special box for keeping secrets, or a box for sourveniers. Little boxes for hair pins, big boxes for marbles or pretty boxes for well read letters. There was such a box in my life. It belonged to my Grandfather.

The box was ordinary in shape, almost square. It was made of dark wood, probably cherry. The wood was deeply engraved with designs that intrigued and mystified me as a child. As the years passed and my intelligence grew, I was able to see the design had continued as the carvers imagination had expanded. Grandfather had made the box when a young man. It was his first carving and according to him, his last.

It would hardly qualify as an artwork, being crude in structure and primitive in design but none the less was very appealing to me. The box was heavily coated inside and out with a lacquer or shellac. Inside it were three smaller boxes, one on top of the other. They came out through the top, one at a time.

The large box locked the three little ones inside with a roughly made brass key, which hung on a nail in the kitchen.

During cold winter nights on the farm, the crackle of the kitchen fire could be heard above the sound of the wind outside. This created an intimate atmosphere which brought our family close together and provided a time after supper when Grandfather told stories in wonderfully expressive Lithuanian.

He would take the old brass key, open the box, and with the contents of the first small box spread on his lap he would begin a story. His stories were always different, but they were always connected with, or inspired by, the objects in the box.

The first little box contained an ancient bullet, a beribboned medal, a spoon and a piece of leather thong. Grandfather described how he acquired these things many times. Every time I begged for the "really true" story, he would settle down, eyes twinkling, and spin a story, diametrically different from the previous explanation.

I learned a great deal of the folklore and history of the people of Lithuania and Russia during these stories. Grandfather told of his days in the Russia Army, when he had served with the Cossacks and his boyhood on his fathers farm. He told of his first visit to a large city so vividly I felt we had made the trip together.

He took each item from the box and held it until it was included in the story. The end would come after the last item was used in the tale.

As I think back, I know everyone in the family enjoyed his stories. The kitchen was always quiet save the ticking of the clock and Grandfathers voice drawing word pictures for us in his melodious Lithuanian dialect.

His stories were exciting, sad, dramatic or quite often laced with side-splitting humor. I remember the whole family rocking with laughter at some of the anecdotes. I know now the stories I considered mine alone were enjoyed by everyone.

If fortune smiled on us, Grandfather would weave a tale with the contents of the second box. This box contained a black stone as big as a robins egg, a gold tassel, some coins and a feather. The feather was that of an eagle, hawk, falcon, or duck, depending on Grandfathers story.

The third and last box was wreathed in mystery. Upon rare occasions Grandfather would let me handle it, shake it perhaps, but open it, never! My curiosity was so great that when alone in the house I would search everywhere for the box. Search as I might though, I never found it.

One evening, the box was out and Grandfather was about to start a story session when some neighbors dropped in. During the moment of welcoming, I relinquished myself to temptation and stole the box away. I hid it in the soft sandy soil of the garden. Back in the kitchen I found it impossible to spirit away the key while everyone sat visiting.

The next morning, before the family awoke, I took the key from its place and went to the garden. I dug confidently for the box where I had buried it. It wasn't there. I began to dig everywhere but no matter where I dug, no box. I panicked and nearly dug up the entire yard. I found nothing. In the course of my frantic digging I lost the key.

My apprehension was beyond belief. I knew Grandfather would notice the key missing. I knew I would have to face the music when asked about it and I would have to tell the truth, but how I dreaded it.

As time passed Grandfather made no mention of the matter. This bewildered me, for as weeks and months went by, the family teased me to no end about the missing box. Grandfather took no notice of this.

One day long after, while working the fields with him, I confessed to losing the box and key. He looked at me with an understanding smile and told me the box would be mine if I found it. Encouraged by his forgiveness, I asked what was in the box. He only said it would remain a secret until I found it and opened it myself.

His words occupied my mind from time to time but as I grew older there was school, work, dates and a world war to deal with. The matter of the box lost its importance.

During my service in the war, Grandfather died. When I returned to the farm I realized the secret of the little box would never be known to me.

As the years added to my age, I married and moved to a suburb of a large city. My family grew, and we visited the farm often.

On one occasion my son John, five years old, was playing in the front yard. We came out to sit on the porch after supper and noticed him digging in the soft sand of the garden. He was banging a toy shovel against something in the ground. Out of curiosity I walked over and was surprised beyond belief to find Grandfathers box there, with the old brass key in the keyhole.

I brushed away the dirt and picked it up. Its familiarity thrilled me. All the warm memories of my childhood and of my dear Grandfather came flooding back. I remembered his worn old hands as he brought the box to the kitchen, I felt again the warmth and contentment of our simple happy evenings.

The key worked hard in the lock, and I wondered wildly for a moment how the key and the box, lost separately, had come to be united.

After some effort I opened the lock and began to remove the small inner boxes. First the top one, It still contained the old bullet, tarnished medal, blackened spoon and a shriveled and mildewed leather thong. My excitement mounted as I opened the second box. Just as I remembered, it contained a black stone, a tassel, some moldy coins and what was once a feather.

My hands now held the mysterious third box and with a determination built through the years, I opened it.

It was empty. Although I stood alone, I was startled by a chuckle. It was Grandfather's chuckle, I was sure. I felt close to him again and I knew this little box would always remain one of my most precious possessions.

All these years my curiosity had burned with a great desire and now it was satisfied. I felt no disappointment. I was glad the box was empty for anything I might have found in it would not have satisfied me.

Its emptiness was like a drained glass, the drinker having already been satisfied.

THANK YOU TIMMYS ANGEL

Thank you Timmy's angel for watching over him
Whenever he is out of sight risking life and limb
Yes thank you Timmy's angel for "covering your beat"
When he's preoccupied with thoughts while walking down the street
He not always remembers that cars go speeding by
He's busy kicking pebbles or looking at the sky
From the time he learned to walk and talk, (and especially learned to climb)
You've always been behind him working over time
There've been collisions on the bike, snake bites on a hike,
So you've really been put to the test
It's time you took a vacation, you sure could use the rest
But don't forget to come back and again perch on his shoulder
I need you for a few more years while we've both growing older!

— Shirley Moravec

INTERMISSION AT THE BALLET

Bodies claim and interpret space
with a potent grace,
reveling in the circumstance
of the evening's performance.

Fabric waves give way,
luminescences betray.

Intrude
on harmonious interlude.

A slab of light,
blatant white,

enters uninvited.
Elements ignited

severely expose
a consuming repose

before torsos unwrap,
wrinkled lap.

Breathing becomes normal,
return to formal.

Attire properly,
according to visibility.

Your movements halt
silence's assault.

An island made
of absent serenade.

Bashful immobility,
postponed agility

until darkness
induces the redress
of a naked stage
by studied personage.
Each to our place
an interruption to efface.

Kimberly J. Kyp

MY ROBE

Perhaps you've got a robe like mine, whose beauty has faded
by the passing of time
It hangs behind the bathroom door, and I guess has become a
real eye sore
When new it was perky all fluffy and quilted, now it hangs on
a hook all lifeless and wilted
Its backside thinning and dangerously worn, a few buttons
missing, and a pocket it torn
But I think of it as a real good friend, whose ease and comfort
and warmth does lend
It's shapeless and beltless and looks quite forlorn, it wraps
'round my body and just fits my form
To hand onto this robe is really quite silly, as I have other
ones that are pretty and frilly
And the day will soon come when I'll lay it to rest, and take
the pretty one out of the chest
All stiff and starchy and uncomfortably trim, it will take
many months 'till this robe is broke in
It will see me through breakfasts and times when I'm ill
And on cool winter evenings will ward off the chill
And just as all friendships that weather the storm, it will
always be waiting, loving and warm

— Shirley Moravec

OIL RIG

1982 summer season,
Opens off shore
Drilling.
Public lands and areas leased to
Big oil
Buy Watts his name.
Virgin bottoms and America's shores
Exposed
Wet appetite of environmental
Rapists,
Who take and take, till glut.
Phony prophets motive,
Freedom from oil dependence
Silences screams.
Anti-American oil independence?
You must be for the Arabs,
The conservation cry babies,
Or your Red.
We'll miss the birds
And fish and fauna
But we'll have platforms to name
After disappearing species.

— J.B. Korwel

ON SHADOWS A DEATH

From a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or a
Moose
Looks
Like a man with his arms outstretched to his
God.
From
a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or
A
Moose
Looks at a man with his arms outstreched to his God.

From a distance in silouette, a big buck deer or a
Moose
looks
at a
man,
alarmed
that
Both were reached out to and created by the same God.
From a distance in silouette
a
big
Buck deer or a moose looks
on
as an
armed man, reaches out, shoots
and sends Bullwinkle to meet his God.

— J.B. Korwel

RAIN IN SPRING

Seven A.M. April Nineth:
Rain splatters my window
The rain came to Earth
makes things fine
To give new birth
The Earth dines
on the beautiful feast
Least-wise I chuckle softly to myself
It's good weather for the ducks
whose clucking sound wonderful
Rain makes us seemingly sleep and dream
or move toward gleaming twinkling stars
I choose to return to slumber: the rain
will keep
The brain needs to rest too: to function
anew and at its best
The rain is an uninvited guest:
it can come back another day;
It appears that I shall hear rain
as music to my ears.

— Linda Carol Wilko

— Kathy Bruning

RIDDLES FOR THE MUSE

Where grows the garden
of our dreams' past?
The unruly dog of time
has trapled the roses.

Where beats youths'
generous heart?
Greed crept in the back door
and drank up all its' wine.

Where sits patience's
timely throne?
Upon its' velvet the drunken
fools have slept and spilled.

Where sings compassions'
tender lyric?
Ears that do not hear
sing off key.
There thrives loves'
flowering embrace?
Hatreds' gardener
cultivates it not.

Where then, may I go
and not feel a stranger?
Nowhere, my daughter,
Nowhere.

— Kathy Corra

SAMMY

by Helen King

"Mr. Kensington! Mr. Kensington!"

Lyle Kensington looked up as Billy Wilde burst into the library.

"What is it, Billy? Why aren't you outside for recess?"

"Sammy Carter just busted Chuck Meyer in the mouth. Knocked him out cold. Boy, is Mr. Adams mad! He grabbed old Sammy by the jacket and dragged him down to his office."

"Is Chuck all right?"

"Yeah, I guess so. . .I bet they expel old Sammy."

"I hope not."

"I hope they do," Billy said, turning to go. "So does every other kid in this dumb school. Well, bye, Mr. Kensington. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Billy," Lyle said absently.

He felt a hot weight in his stomach. He glanced at the clock; it was 1:15. When recess was over, he would talk to Bill Adams. He fingered the rough wood block on his desk. So this was the way it ended. How had it begun?

His first day in his first school — he was struggling with all of the principles and theories he had learned. Remembering, he smiled. He was so nervous, so anxious to do well. Then, in his first hour, came Sammy. The sixth grade class came at 9:10. The last boy in line looked curiously at the books on display, then slouching to a distant table, flopped into a chair. He unzipped his windbreaker, but didn't take it off.

Lyle cleared his throat. "I'm Mr. Kensington. I'll be your librarian this year. I want to get to know all of you. Please answer when I call your name. Robert Allen, Mary Altizer, David Arden, Alice Barber, Susan Beck, Stephen Brown, Sameson Carter."

A general giggle was the only answer.

"Samson Carter?" Lyle repeated, looking around. The children were looking toward the far table. The boy in the windbreaker stared sullenly at his notebook. Another boy at his table poked him. He turned fiercely and grabbed the boy's shirt. Lyle crossed the room to separate the boys.

"Okay, cut it out! Are you Samson Carter?"

"I'm Sammy," the boy muttered.

"All right, Sammy. I want to talk to both of you at recess."

"Both of us?" the other boy wailed.

"That's right. It was your fault as much as his."

Sammy smiled as he sat down. Lyle finished the roll call. After reviewing using the card catalog, he helped the class find and sign out books. Sammy only sat staring at the table. Lyle wanted to go talk with him, but he wasn't sure of what to say. By the time he had though of something, the period was over.

Since his next period was free, Lyle went to pick up his mail. Bill Adams, the principal, beckoned him into his office.

"How'd it go, Lyle?"

Not too bad. Do you know Sammy Carter?"

Bill whistled. "Tangled with Sammy already, huh? That's your initiation."

"What's the story?"

"No family, no friends. He's the terror of the school since he came last spring. They sent him up from the Children's Home in the city. He's been in three foster homes. He can't read; he won't stay out of trouble. If he's not better this year, I don't know what we'll do."

"He seems so alone."

"He is that. He just doesn't respond to friendship from us or the other kids."

"What can we do?"

"I wish I knew. Punishment's not the answer, but that's about all he lets you do to him. Talking to him's like talking to a cinder block."

Lyle nodded. He would talk to Sammy, be his friend. He was sure it would matter that someone cared. Lyle thought all morning about what he wanted to say to Sammy. When Sammy and the other boy, Paul, came, he had Paul write Sammy an apology and took Sammy into the workroom to talk.

"Sit down, Sammy," he began.

"I'd rather stand up."

"Okay. . .I want you to feel free to come to the library, to come talk to me about what bothers you. I want you to trust me."

Sammy stared at the floor.

"Listen, Sammy, you can be a fine man. Nothing has to stop you. Only you can stop yourself. I would hate it if that happened. You're too important to throw away. When you get mad, don't hit somebody, come in and talk it over. Anytime, I'll listen."

Sammy looked up, his eyes still sullen.

"And we'll work on your reading too. We'll tape record it so you can see you're getting better."

Sammy looked interested.

"Okay, Bookman," he said. "Can I go out now?"

"Okay, Sammy. Don't forget. I'll listen."

Lyle let Paul and Sammy go. He felt he had handled it very well. It would make a difference to Sammy that someone cared.

As the weeks passed, Sammy came to the library only with his class. Lyle was discouraged. The only noticeable change in Sammy's behavior was that perhaps he was in fewer fights. He wouldn't read, even for the tape recorder, although it encouraged other slow readers. He still seemed sullen and hostile, resisting Lyle's efforts to arouse his interest.

The leaves fell leaving skeleton trees in the courtyard. Still Sammy came only on necessity. The Tuesday before Halloween, he came in before school.

"Hey, Mr. Kensington, can I make a map like Larry did?"

"Sure. When your class comes today, you can set up the projector in the workroom and draw what you want."

During that class period, Sammy worked happily alone. He traced half a map and some drawings of classic cars. He began coming on rainy recesses, always to trace projections on poster paper. Lyle left him alone during this time, though he found things disturbed or misplaced after his visits. Once he found a snatch of halting reading on the tape recorder.

Lyle was proud of Sammy's progress. By Thanksgiving, he began to think Sammy was settling into school life. He was still a loner, but some younger boys had begun following him around. He seemed to tolerate them, even to be proud of their devotion.

As December began, Sammy started getting into fights again. He was caught stealing and threatening other children — to get money from them. Lyle was crushed. He had been certain that he was making progress. Sammy seemed now to be in the office more often than not. Bill Adams was losing patience. Lyle found pleading with Bill futile; he was busy, he had four hundred children to consider not just Sammy.

"I'm sorry, Lyle. If Sammy hurts another kid, he has got to be expelled. The parents are spitting tacks at me for letting the Children's Home send Sammy up here. They say he's a threat to their precious young'uns, and by God, eighty per cent of the time, I agree. The other twenty per cent I'm with you. I wish we could do something to help him."

As Lyle left Bill's office, he saw Sammy waiting. By his expression, he was in trouble again.

"Sammy, you know what'll happen if you get in more trouble?"

Sammy stared at the floor but nodded.

"Sammy, what's the trouble? Tell me."

"Ain't in no trouble if people'd leave me alone."

Lyle was hurt.

"Okay, I'll leave you alone. I don't want to hassle you. I just want to help."

Bill came to the door of his office.

"Come on in, Sammy."

Lyle left the office. There was a wall between them. He wasn't sure what it was. Sammy couldn't trust him. He wasn't getting through. He was depressed and discouraged. He would have to find a way to begin again.

Christmas drew nearer, and the school was caught up in programs and projects. Excited children marched noisily through the halls. Bright pictures of rotund Santas and dancing reindeer decorated the classrooms. Happiness was everywhere. Except in Sammy.

He wasn't actually in trouble, but seemed more quiet and withdrawn than usual. He was often in the library, standing silent and alone. Busy with other children, Lyle hardly noticed him. After Christmas, he would begin again, he told himself. He was still smarting from Sammy's refusal to trust him. He had done as much as he could.

With Christmas vacation three days off, Lyle was working long hours to catch up on his statistical reports and book orders. Just before noon, as he was working on a snag in the book account, Sammy came in.

"Hi, Mr. Kensington."

"Hi, Sammy. What is it?" he said, hardly looking up.

"I made this for you."

He came to Lyle's desk and laid down a small block of wood roughly carved to resemble a book.

Lyle was pre-occupied. He looked at the block, then went on figuring.

"Well, thank you, Sammy, that's very nice."

"You don't really care about me, do you?" Sammy said slowly.

Lyle's head jerked up. Sammy was standing beside him with tears in his eyes.

"It was a lie. All about caring. You don't care. You just want to make yourself feel good."

Lyle felt sick.

"Sammy, I — " he stammered.

"You're just like all the rest of them. Liar! Liar!"

Sammy turned and ran out of the room. Lyle knocked over the chair getting up to follow him.

"Sammy, wait. Let me explain."

Sammy ran outside. Lyle picked up his chair and sank into it. He was shaking. He had failed. Then, he knew why. Sammy was a project to him, never a boy. The wall between them was his own insensitivity. He had never really loved Sammy, but Sammy, often disappointed, had loved him and hoped that this time it would be different. He touched the rough wood block on his desk; he was crying.

The bell rang, jarring Lyle from his thoughts. It was 1:30; recess was over. He went to Bill to explain what had happened.

"Don't blame yourself, Lyle. Sammy was lost before you knew him. It's not your fault."

"It is my fault. I wasn't honest. I treated him like a thing."

"Then you've learned something. Lyle, we have to make mistakes; it's the only proof we've got we're alive. I'm very sorry about Sammy, but even if you had really deeply cared, you might not have helped him. Don't blame yourself."

He paused, then went on slowly.

The car from the Children's Home's on its way for Sammy. They'll take him to his foster home to pack. I want you to see him."

"He doesn't want to see me."

Lyle went back to the library. He couldn't work. He was wondering what would become of Sammy.

Snow had begun to fall steadily when Bill came by the library with Sammy. Lyle went to the door. Sammy stared at the corridor floor.

"I'm going to miss you, Sammy."

Sammy's mouth twitched in a cynical smile. "Yeah," he said.

"Good-bye, Sammy. I was wrong. I'm sorry."

Sammy turned without a word and followed Bill down the hall to the front doors. Lyle watched him get into the waiting car. He imagined he heard the car door slam with a sharp and final sound.

LONELINESS TO SOLITUDE
by Patrick Bond

People have been, and by all indications, will continue to be lonely at various times throughout their lives.

Volumes of books, numerous articles and even several songs have been directed at the subject of loneliness. The prevailing attitude toward loneliness is one of uneasiness.

Psychologists, psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and the like have been employed to aid us in alleviating this social ill.

Need this necessarily be the case? Loneliness is not a state of being which we should desperately attempt to avoid. Perhaps loneliness has a deeper function, one which is less painful and more optimistic for the human condition. In other words, loneliness should be viewed as an isolation for growth rather than one of pain.

Loneliness, unfortunately is rarely appreciated for the solitude which it provides. Afterall, isn't it difficult to understand your own feelings and become in tune with yourself unless afforded the time to be alone to do so? Only in solitude can this understanding come to be, a solitude which is necessary and beneficial for human development.

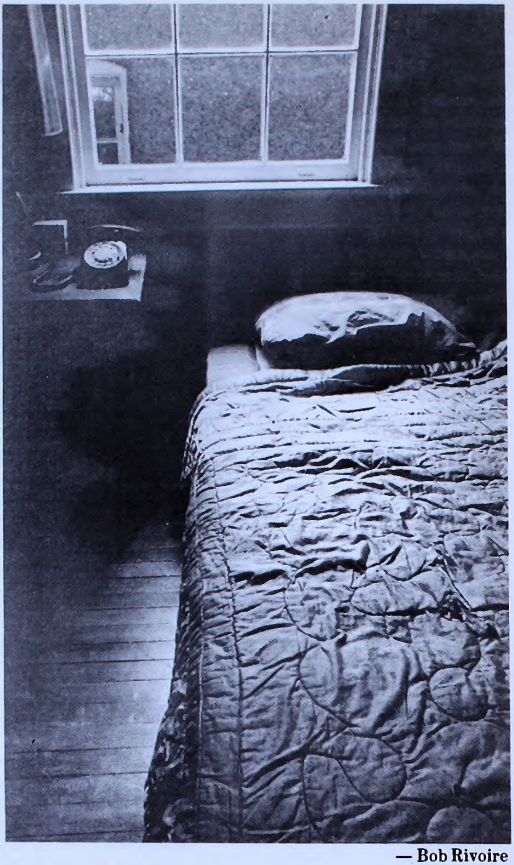
Loneliness, we know, is a reality of the human condition. It is a physical, emotional or psychological isolation. It is through this condition that we are compelled to transcend loneliness and achieve solitude — a space which we create in order to discover ourselves. In order to experience solitude of heart, we must stop running from our own loneliness and confess to ourselves that it is a limiting experience which is present in our lives. By converting our loneliness into solitude we are preparing ourselves for personal growth through achieving a closer contact with ourselves, with others, and ultimatelyl with God.

Loneliness is the cause for much severe personal suffering in contemporary society. It is a threatening feeling of being alone. We attempt to eliminate this painful void in our lives by introducing constant distractions into our daily routine. Society eases our suffering by providing modern technological distractions such as the television, the radio, and the telephone. These distractions leave little time for us to "watch," "listen," and get in touch with our own feelings.

As a result of our fear to experience ourselves, we run away from our own loneliness and fail to honestly confess to ourselves that loneliness is present in our lives. In our attempts to avoid being lonely we desperately cling to others, thereby hoping to "heal" the silent void in our lives.

Many people falsely assume that sharing activities and interests with another person will alleviate their own loneliness. Often times this type of a relationship develops within a marriage. The two people depend on each other to fill the empty "space" in their lives. Although this relationship satisfies their need to belong, it actually does very little to eliminate the true loneliness which they experience in their lives. The mere company for another person is not a cure for loneliness. Often in a relationship, the two individuals need each other so desperately to eliminate their own loneliness that they fail to give each other adequate room to grow and achieve inner solitude. Loneliness is a universal human experience and not, as many belive, simply a problem of the single person.

It is, however, through the experience of loneliness which we foster a comtemplative solitude that enables us to achieve a deep personal encounter with ourselves. This inner or self-reflection allows us to release ourselves from the distractions of this world. This solitude is not an escape from the realities of this world; on the contrary, he very function of solitude is to realize the world with a deeper awareness. Solitude allows us time to contemplate the issues in our ever changing world and formulate more enlightened responses. Although we withdraw from the world, we are actually able to come in closer contact with it due to the very fact that we are now able to dismiss the distractions of the world and concentrate more fully on the realities of life.



— Bob Rivoire

But we must first strive for a receptive solitude, one which is realized through the development of an inner sensitivity of the individual. Inner sensitivity stems from our individual ability to close ourselves off from the world and other human beings. It is only after a "closedness" is establishede in our own life that we are able to reach an openness with others. It is this closedness in solitude which allows us to become present to ourselves. We are thus better able to be present to others and through this, encounter and discover the other while expanding our own solitude.

Loneliness entails strictly a selfish gratification of our own needs. Solitude, on the other hand, makes us more compassionate and understanding toward the needs and desires of others while enabling us to better respond to the world in which we live.

Loneliness then is an essential experience for all people. Loneliness provides the means by which we are able to achieve a receptive solitude of heart, which in turn frees us to achieve an inner peace or union with ourselves. An inner peace which is a prerequisite for achieving a union and community with others and is paramount in establishing a relationship and ultimate union with God. It is a solitude which allows us to become detached from this world and attached to a more perfect entity — God.

Solitude, therefore, is a necessary experience in every individual's life if they are to personally grow toward establishing relationships with fellow human beings.

Solitude truly is a positive and essential experience for personal growth. It is a creative response to human loneliness — a response that challenges us to discard the illusions and distractions of this world and strive to reach out and discover ourselves, others, and the ultimate human fulfillment — God.

COUP: FOR MOM, APPLE PIE, ETC.

Back then
We liked Ike.
Such winners. We never
lost. Then Dien Bien Phu, still they were
just French.

Carefree
and young, drafted.

Patriotic you serve.
Viet-Nam, a mere quick tour. Then
home dead.

Mama
she mourns for you
'till she has no tears left.
Should she be proud? You learned to
play coup?

Pleiku
's a town ma,
like Chicago, I guess.
Somewhere in Asia we had to
protect.

He died
'cause we asked him.
To protect us from Reds.
We went there to win. We never
lost. Then

— J.B. Korwel

A FELINE MADE SPORT OF ME

The cat upon the piano keys
did bang

The leaped to start her dash
across the rug and through
the open door

This siamese cat So Smug
Had planned it all so well
To startle me and have some fun

At this she did succeed
For as she turned in haste
to glace at me
I swear she had a smirk
upon her face.

— Richard Hay, Sr.

WHAT PRICE, A KISS?

It was just one lone kiss, no more, that's all
What could it hurt? I wanted something to recall
when I would no longer have your face before me.
If I could give it willingly, and ask for nothing more,
Could you not take it as a gift, and allow me through the door?
Without the hurt, with no regret, to leave you happily,
Without the guilt, without the threat of what would have to be?
But you a man of honour high, would pay the price as well as I.
You could not let me have my momentary reverie.
Our lips had barely parted when you uttered your regret,
"Thus endeth the relationship, don't look surprised!", you said.
The computer-you spewed forth the words, making sure I understood,
What had just transpired twixt thee and me was anything but good.

I had to know the human-you, computers cannot feel!
Was it so wretched that you fell from your near-perfect pedestal?
I saw the look of agony upon your face — the cost was much too great!
I did not count the cost of you — I should have known — too late.
That a man of your morality, and extremely high integrity
could not forfeit all for what he'd call a momentary pleasure.
Though I could take the loss in lieu of that which I would treasure.
For I'll remember every second of that sensual experience.
I've implanted it all, step by step, so I can call it hence.
Indeed, I have the memory of your hand upon my hip,
The softness of your mustache as it grazed my upper lip,
The thickness of your lower lip that pushed against mine gently,
Two pair of lips that moved as one and opened in synchrony.
I know the very second that you seemed to lose control,
It's imprinted on my every sense as well as on my soul.
Tongue of fire flew in my mouth and searched its contents wildly.
To say you gave me "sweet surprise" would be putting it quite mildly.
Your fingers struggled on my back, but still they would not stray.
It seemed your honour would be saved for yet another day—
It was exactly then you felt regret, and had to step away.

Oh, I will not forget your words and anguished looks that battered me,
Though I would not allow them steal my pleasure from me quickly,
I've felt their lash a thousand times, within my memory!
I know that I cannot return, that is part of the price,
But it helps to know that part of you is fire as well as ice.
I wanted most of all to give what you had first giv'n me,
But I did not count the greater cost, the one I could not see,
Though my desire was to give, instead I took from thee.
Yet ask me, would I take it back, this object of my agony?
And I would have to say, "Oh no! It seems it was my destiny—
to prove you right, and to fulfill my self-fulfilling prophecy!"

— Anonymous

PRAIRIE LIGHT REVIEW

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Food Drive

Remember to bring canned goods, produce, soap, noodles, paper products, toothpaste and/or cash to help the needy of DuPage County. During the week of June 6th to June 10th, boxes will be provided at certain areas of Buildings A, M, K and J to receive your donations. Cash contributions can be submitted to the Student Activities Office, located in Room 2059, Building A.

Items particularly needed are: canned soups, peanut butter, macaroni, tomato sauce and paste, and rice.

All proceeds will be given to St. Mark's Food Pantry, 100 E. Cole Ave., Wheaton. The pantry has refrigeration so meat and produce items are welcome as well. The People's Resource Food Pantry, located in Wheaton will also receive items.

Welcome this day to share what you have with others. The entire staff of the Prairie Light Review thanks you for your generosity.

Special Thanks

Special thanks to
George Ariffe
for having taught
and encouraged
so many people
to write.
Best wishes.